

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES - WHY TAKE LESS



JANUARY No.27

MARY W. W. W.

U.C.D.  
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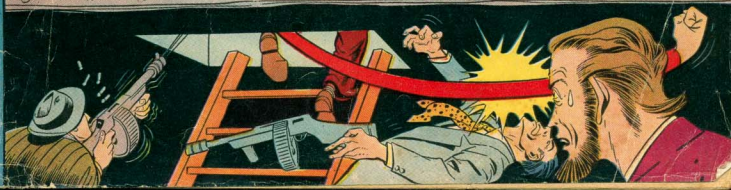
# PLASTIC MAN

Who is the  
"LEADER"?

WHO IS THIS MAN  
WHOSE SOLE AIM IS  
TREASON?

LEARN THE IDENTITY  
OF THIS FANATICAL FIEND  
AND HIS DIABOLICAL  
DEEDS OF DESTRUCTION!

10¢



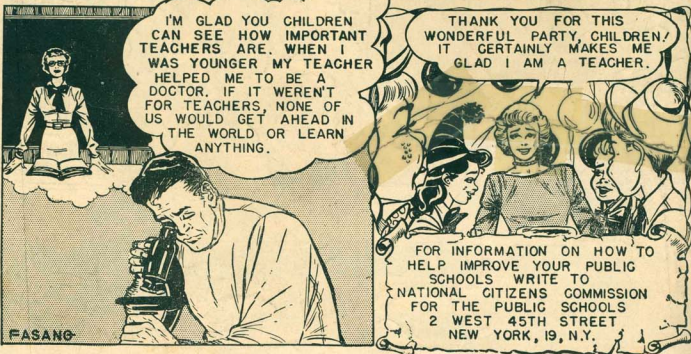




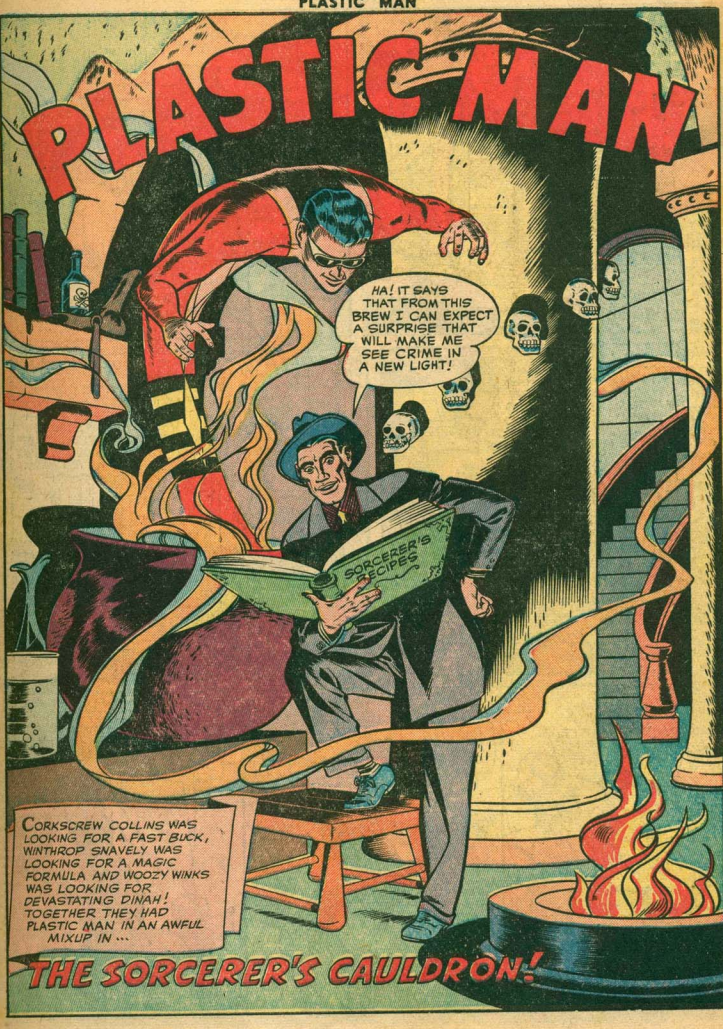
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# the classroom secret



# PLASTIC MAN

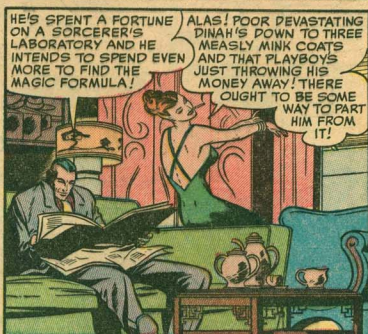


HA! IT SAYS  
THAT FROM THIS  
BREW I CAN EXPECT  
A SURPRISE THAT  
WILL MAKE ME  
SEE CRIME IN  
A NEW LIGHT!

CORKSCREW COLLINS WAS  
LOOKING FOR A FAST BUCK,  
WINTHROP SNAVELY WAS  
LOOKING FOR A MAGIC  
FORMULA AND WOZZY WINKS  
WAS LOOKING FOR  
DEVASTATING DINAH!  
TOGETHER THEY HAD  
PLASTIC MAN IN AN AWFUL  
MIXUP IN ...

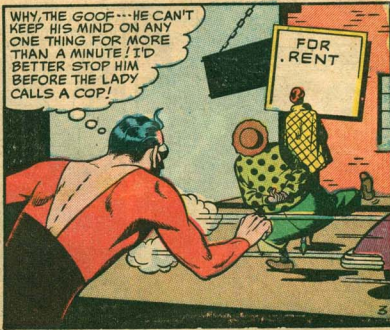
## THE SORCERER'S CAULDRON!





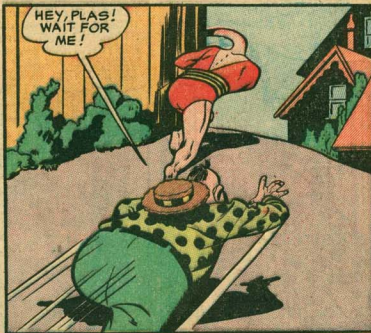


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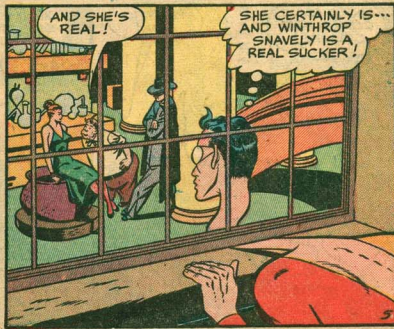
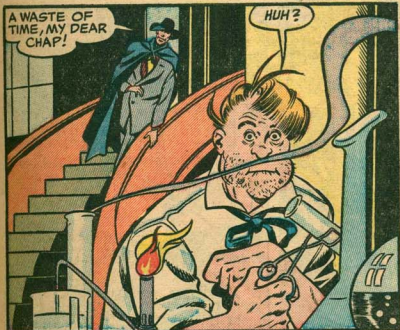




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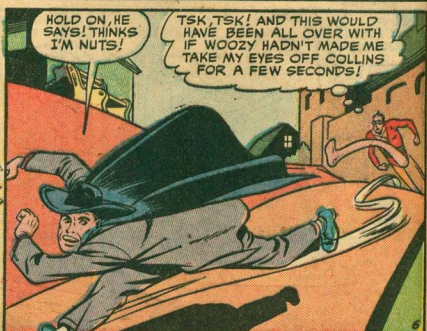




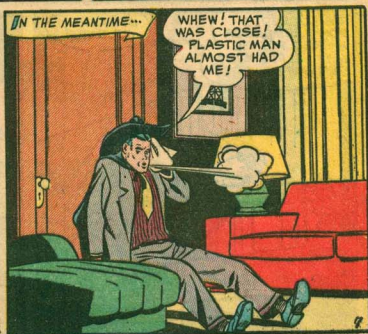




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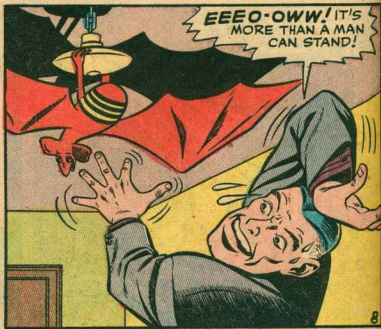
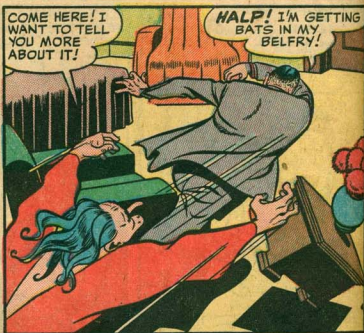






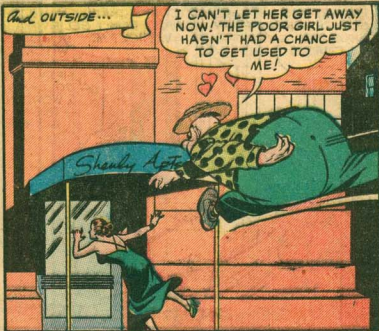


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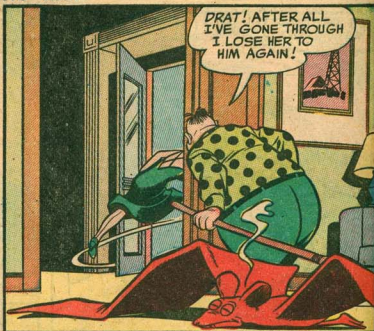




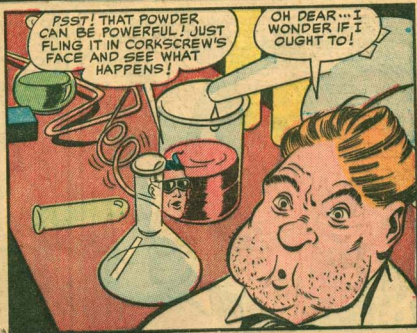
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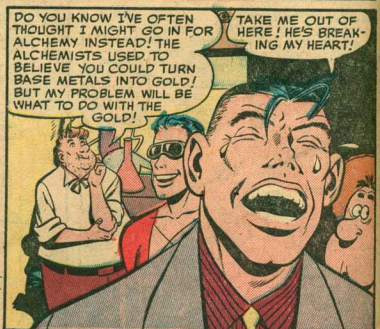










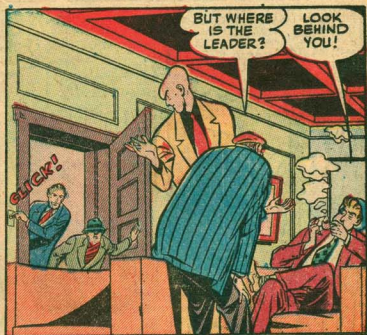




# PLASTIC MAN



**S**OMEONE...KNOWN ONLY AS **THE LEADER**...IS AFTER OUR VITAL GOVERNMENT SECRETS! GIGI, THE GLAMOROUS SINGER, FITS SOMEWHERE INTO THE JUMBLED JIG-SAW PUZZLE OF ESPIONAGE! AND IT'S UP TO **PLASTIC MAN** TO FOLLOW **THE LEADER** AND STOP HIM... **BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!**



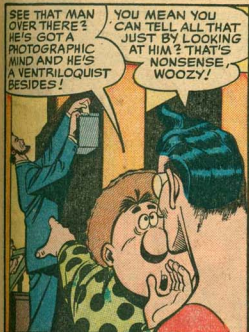


# PLASTIC MAN





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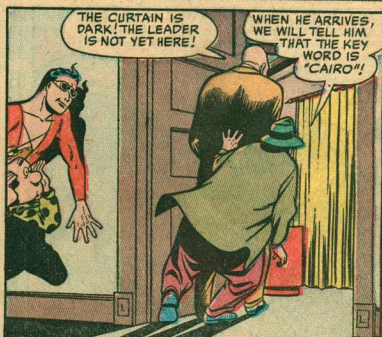


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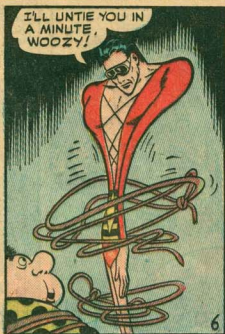


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN



THOSE FELLOWS WE WERE FOLLOWING SURE PICKED A PECULIAR TIME TO TAKE A NAP!

LOOK, AGAIN, WOOLZY! WE'RE NOT DEALING ONLY WITH SPIES, WE'RE DEALING WITH MERCILESS KILLERS!



...AND SMART ONES AT THAT! THEY CLEARED OUT OF HERE IN RECORD TIME AND THERE'S NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE IN SIGHT! AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT OUR ASSAILANTS LOOKED LIKE!



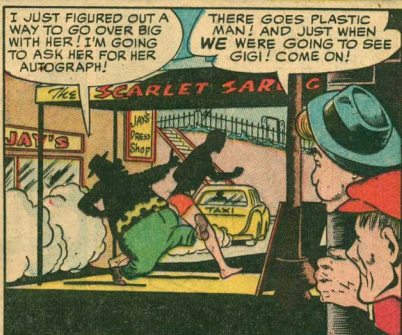
WELL, WE KNOW WHAT WILBERFORCE LOOKS LIKE AND HE HAS JUST THE KIND OF FACE I'D RATHER FORGET!

HE'S OUR ONLY SUSPECT AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A CASE AGAINST HIM! YOU CAN'T BRING UP A MAN ON ESPIONAGE CHARGES JUST BECAUSE HE ASKS A GIRL TO SING A SONG FOR HIM!



WHY DON'T WE GO SEE THAT GIRL? I'D SURE LIKE TO QUESTION HER!

GOOD IDEA! THAT'S WHERE THE TRAIL STARTED! MAYBE WE CAN PICK IT UP AGAIN!



I JUST FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GO OVER BIG WITH HER! I'M GOING TO ASK HER FOR HER AUTOGRAPH!

THERE GOES PLASTIC MAN! AND JUST WHEN WE WERE GOING TO SEE GIGI! COME ON!



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GIGI, HER DRESSING ROOM IS BACK THERE!

HE MUST HAVE KNOWN FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, WOOLZY, THAT THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!



IT'S TOO DANGEROUS GETTING PLASTIC MAN OUT OF THE WAY... BUT IF WE GET RID OF THIS GIRL, HE WON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK NEXT!

LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE AND THEN WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HER DOWN AT THE OLD MILL...



# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN

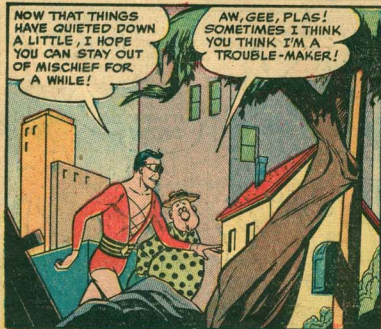


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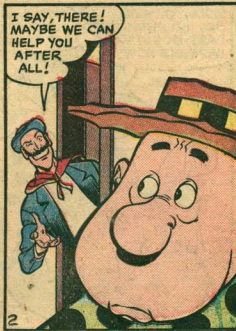
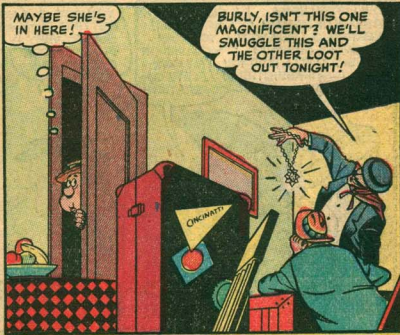




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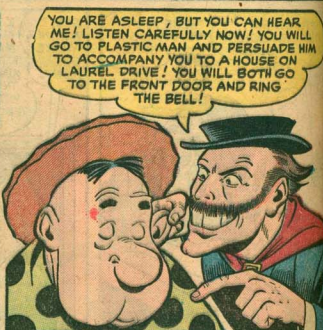
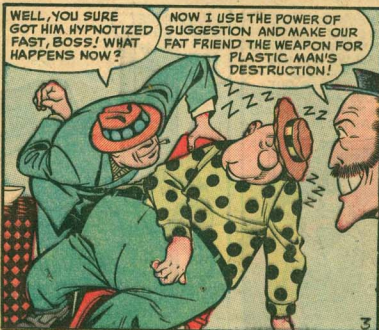


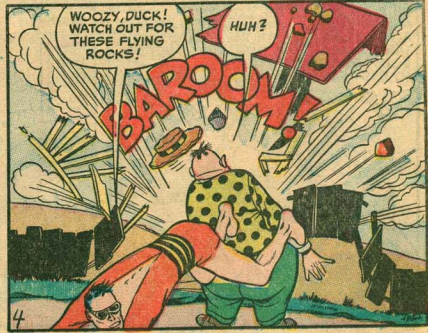
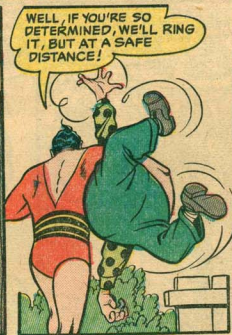
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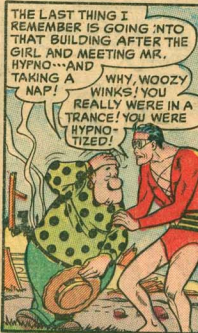
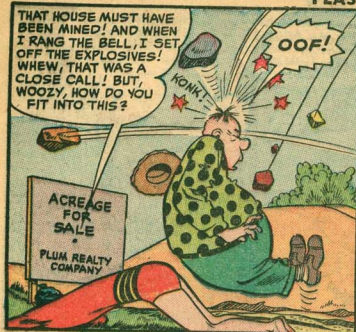
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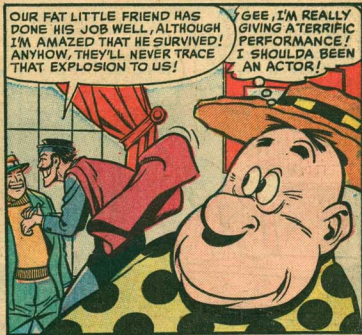
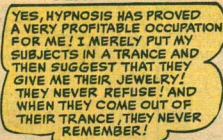




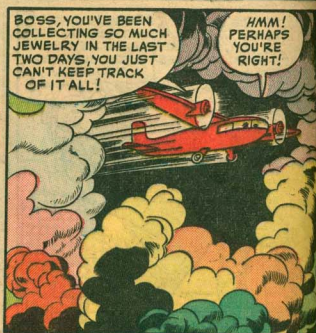
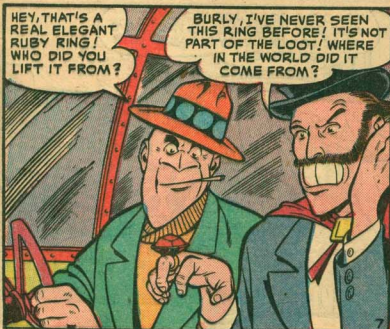
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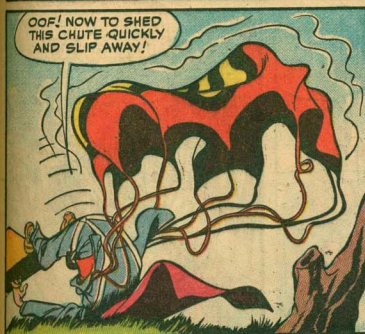
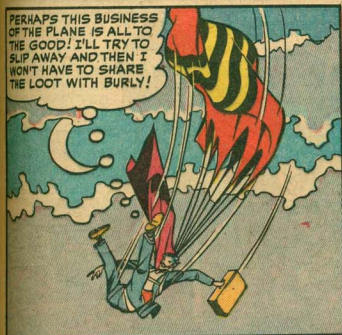
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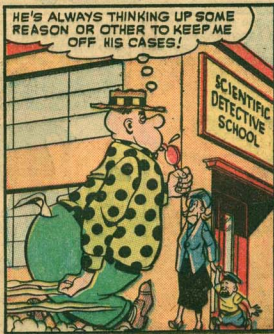
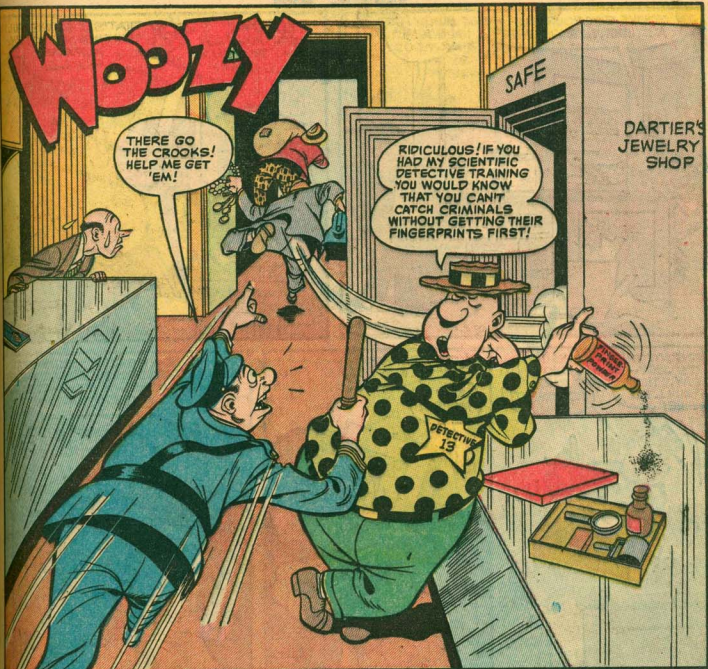




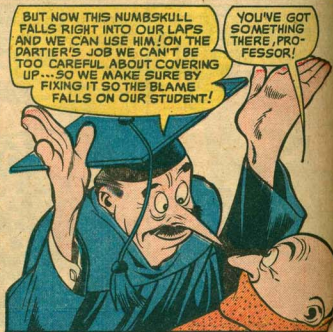
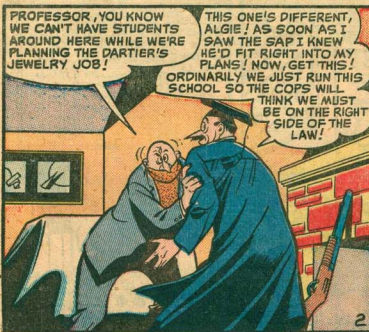
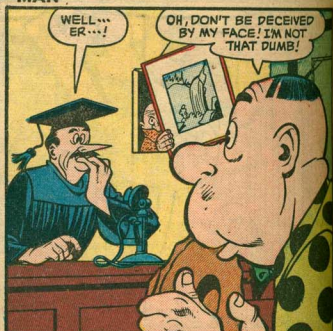
# PLASTIC MAN



# WOOLLY







# PLASTIC MAN

THE ADMISSIONS BOARD IS DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU! I GUESS YOU KNOW WE TEACH THROUGH PRACTICE SO HERE'S YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT!

GOSH! REAL DETECTIVE WORK RIGHT OFF THE BAT!

EXACTLY! THE MUGWUMP PEARLS WERE STOLEN FROM DARTIER'S! I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN THERE AND LOOK FOR CLUES!

I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT! I'LL SOLVE THE CASE!

I DON'T GET THE ANGLE, PROFESSOR!

IT'S SIMPLE, ALGIE! THE GOOF WILL BE SEEN SNOOPING AROUND AT DARTIER'S AND ASKING QUESTIONS! THEN, AFTER WE'VE STOLEN THE PEARLS THE COPS WILL LOOK FOR HIM!



YOU HAVE THEM HERE! BUT THE MUGWUMP PEARLS HAVE BEEN STOLEN! THAT MEANS THESE MUST BE FAKE! FROM WHICH IT FOLLOWS THAT THIS WAS AN INSIDE JOB!

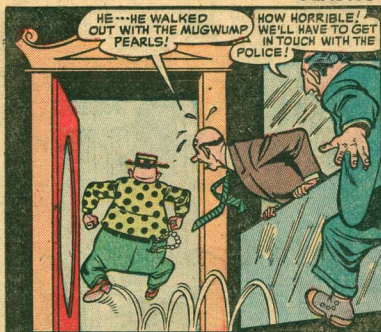
WHA WH-?

DON'T LIE TO ME! I'M A DETECTIVE! AND I'M GOING TO TAKE THESE FAKE PEARLS RIGHT DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SHOW THEM TO THE POLICE!

I ... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!







# PLASTIC MAN





# Rock-A-Bye Roughneck

**T**HE liner was almost lost in the fog swirling in around the docks. People streaming down the gangplank and into the Customs Shed to have their baggage checked were like creatures from some other world, drifting down out of a gray wall of vapor.

The last man to leave the great vessel was distinctly not a disembodied spirit. He was a large fat man who staggered down the cleated plank on stumbling feet. As he moved, he clung to the rail with one shaking hand and kept the other pressed tight to his ample middle. With every second step or so he uttered a deep and heart-rending groan. A tall, thin man beside him, carrying two pieces of expensive luggage, cursed disgustedly. "We wait a whole week for you to get back from Europe so we can cinch this caper, Spats, and what happens? You get seasick."

"Oooh," groaned the bulging Spats. "If you knew the agony I have gone through on that ship, Moogy, you would have pity on me. I never could stand a rocking motion. As soon as I get my feet on solid ground again I'll be all right. We can go through with the bank job as planned."

The thin man hurried the bags through Customs and the two departed toward the lamp-lit, foggy street. Already the fat man seemed to be recovering. His round face had lost its greenish tinge and he could walk without staggering or groaning.

As the two vanished, a red railing across one corner of the Customs Shed seemed to writhe and swell and suddenly it popped off its supporting posts to become the red-clad figure of Plastic Man of the FBI. Plas flipped a salute to the Customs guards. "Thanks, boys. That was our man, all right—Spats Spiro, who's responsible for half the unsolved crimes on our books. We had a tip he was coming back from a vacation in Europe to pull off a big robbery."

Outside the fat man, grunting and puffing, was forcing himself through the too-narrow door of a waiting cab. He got almost inside when an immense hand, coming in the opposite door, spread itself over his face and shoved him back out with ungentle force. Spats squawled and fell back against Moogy, who stumbled back and into the embrace of Plastic Man himself. Plas,

coming up behind the unsuspecting pair, had merely stretched his elastic arm clear around the cab to push them back out.

"Plastic Man!" Moogy yelled. "What's the big idea? Since when is it a crime to meet a pal at the docks and get into a cab?"

"With rats like you two," Plas said grimly, "it ought to be a crime even to go on breathing. But this doesn't happen to be a pinch. It's just a gentle warning to lay off what you're planning for tonight or take the consequences."

"Don't you dare threaten a peaceful citizen on his way home from a wearying journey, you flexible fly-cop," blustered Spats. "Come, Moogy, let us leave this vulcanized vulture and continue our trip."

The pudgy cab-driver spoke up. "Look, do you want a cab or don't you? Other people are waiting if you don't."

Growling, the two scrambled into the cab as Plastic Man stepped back with an elaborately mocking bow. "Go right ahead, gentlemen. I have given my warning. The rest is up to you."

As the cab drew away, Spats hissed, "We'd better call the deal off. He'll attach himself to the cab like a spare tire or something and tag us all night."

"But he isn't," Moogy said, looking back. "He's turned around and is walking back into the Customs Shed. He isn't even watching to see where we're going."

"The non-skid nitwit," Spats snapped. "He actually thinks he has frightened us out of our plan. Well, we'll show him. We'll go through with it exactly at midnight. Tell the driver to cut through a few alleys and back streets to make sure we're not followed."

Exactly at midnight that night a black sedan pulled up in front of the dark and silent Horgan Trust. A moment later, deep inside the building, a dull boom rattled the windows and died away. In the sedan, Moogy looked at Spatz and grinned. "On the old dot, boss. You had everything down to a T. I can just see the boys in there right this minute, shoving bundles of dough into sacks for us."

As a man of vision, Moogy was doing poorly

right then. For instead of shoving money into waiting sacks, the two hoodlums used to carry out Spats' schemes were standing in frozen horror, goggling at the unbelievable apparition before them. Smoke was still rising from the blast-wreckage of the vault door and some of that smoke was strangely red. But more unbelievable, the red smoke seemed to be swaying and solidifying into the shocking figure of . . . Plastic Man.

"Boys," the figure said chidingly, shaking a warning finger. "Don't you know you can't go around blowing the doors off other people's vaults like this? It's destructive and illegal, to say nothing of dangerous to life and limb."

One of the thugs caught his wits enough to yell, "PLASTIC MAN! GET HIM!" He grabbed out his gun and began to shoot wildly.

The slugs struck Plastic Man's elastic body and rebounded, whizzing wildly in all directions. The second thug threw himself on the floor, howling, "Cut it out, stupid! You wanna get us knocked off by them glancing slugs of yours? You oughta know bullets won't hurt Plastic Man."

"There must be sump'n that will," yelled the gunman. But before he could experiment, a massive swelling fist shot out and the vault room dissolved for him into a world full of bursting lights and then engulfing blackness.

In desperation, the second thug seized the heavy bag of burglars' tools. But before he could hurl it, Plastic Man's long, flexible arms swept out and encircled him, wrapping around and around until he resembled a Christmas package tied in red and yellow ribbon. "Silly boy," Plas said. "You should have stood in bed."

Outside, Spats and Moogy waited impatiently, knowing nothing of what went on behind the grim gray walls of the Trust Company. Their first intimation that all was not well came when a long, red, snake-like arm came down out of the darkness to deposit two limp and battered figures on the rear seat of the black sedan.

"Your boys," Plastic Man said gently, "didn't seem to do so well in there, Spatsy. Could be your master-minding blew a fuse."

After his first wild yelp of alarm, Spats caught

hold of himself. His lips went tight and he dug a sharp elbow into the ribs of Moogy as a warning for silence.

"I don't know what you're babbling about, Plastic Man," Spats said nastily. "And I can't figure why the FBI wastes the tax-payers' money by paying you to hound a couple of innocent citizens like Moogy and me. I think I'm going to have to demand police protection if this keeps up."

"You'll get it," Plastic Man assured him sweetly. "Why, at this very moment the boys at headquarters are dusting out a nice cell for you where nobody will bother you for maybe twenty or thirty years. This Trust Company robbery puts you right in my hands, Spatsy."

"G'wan," Spats shrilled. "You can't pin anything on Moogy and me. We just happened to stop out here to light our cigarettes and talk a little. You'll have a sweet time proving we had anything to do with those dumb monkeys you dumped in the back seat. We never saw 'em before in our lives. If you think you can prove any different, go ahead and try."

"Okay," Plas said pleasantly. "Oh, Woozy! Come over and introduce yourself."

Both Spats and Moogy gasped as they saw that Plas's pal, Woozy Winks was the "taxi driver" who had hauled them from the dock and straight to their headquarters. Then Spats shouted, "So what? You still can't tie us into this Trust job."

Without answering, Plastic Man suddenly snatched the fat man out of the car. Making his elastic body into a gigantic hammock, Plastic Man began to rock Spats back and forth, back and forth. After a minute or two the fat man suddenly howled, "Ulp! G-get me outa here! You're making me seasick! Stop it, I tell you. Oooo, I can't stand it any more. I'm s-sick."

"So sorry," Plas said sweetly, increasing the swing of his hammock-like body. "Would you rather tell us about your crimes or spend a few hours swinging and swinging?"

Woozy, watching from the sidewalk, said, "Put him down, Plas. He's confessing everything clear back to the lollypop he swiped in kindergarten. If you swing him much more, he'll be too sick to sign his confession."



# Plastic Man

THIS IS THE  
EASIEST JOB  
I EVER  
PULLED!

IS IT A  
BIRD?

IS IT A  
FLYING  
SAUCER?

SHUCKS,  
NO! IT'S  
**PLASTIC  
MAN!**

**W**HEN GAT GATSBY, MASTER CRIMINAL, TRIES TO PICK UP SOME EASY MONEY...IN A BANK, HE'S NOT BANKING ON PLASTIC MAN'S INTEREST IN HIS AFFAIRS!

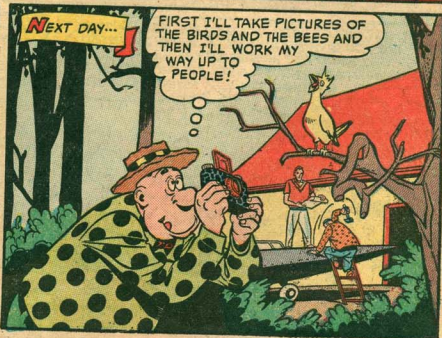
HAPPY BIRTHDAY,  
WOODY!

HERE, WOZZY! I KNOW YOU'VE  
WANTED ONE OF THESE FOR A  
LONG TIME!

GEE, A CAMERA! THANKS!  
I'M GOING TO LEARN TO  
USE IT RIGHT AWAY! IT'LL  
BE A BIG HELP IN MY  
FIGHT AGAINST  
CRIME!

INCIDENTALLY,  
PLAS! TALKING  
ABOUT CRIME...  
GAT GATSBY BLEW  
INTO TOWN TODAY  
AND WHERE THERE'S  
GATSBY, THERE'S  
TROUBLE!

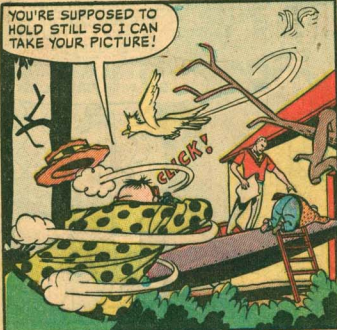
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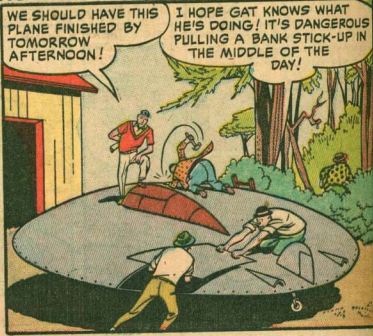
# PLASTIC MAN

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HOLD STILL SO I CAN TAKE YOUR PICTURE!



WE SHOULD HAVE THIS PLANE FINISHED BY TOMORROW AFTERNOON!

I HOPE GAT KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! IT'S DANGEROUS PULLING A BANK STICK-UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY!



ROCKS AIN'T VERY INTERESTING, BUT AT LEAST THEY DON'T MOVE! WELL, THAT'S MY LAST SHOT! I'D BETTER GET HOME AND DEVELOP THIS ROLL OF FILM!



**LATER**

... I'VE BEEN TAILING GATSBY ALL MORNING, CHIEF, AND IT SEEMS LIKE A WASTE OF TIME!



WELL, STICK WITH HIM, PLAS! SOMETHING MAY DEVELOP LATER!

OH, THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! I WANT TO SHOW YOU THESE!



SHHH!

NOW, GET OUT OF HERE, WOODY, BEFORE YOU GIVE ME AWAY! IF GATSBY FINDS OUT HE'S BEING FOLLOWED, WE'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING ON HIM!

AW, GEE, PLAS! I WANTED TO SHOW YOU A PICTURE OF A FLYING SAUCER!



PLAS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING! THIS ONE OF THE MEN WORKING ON THAT PLANE SURE IS AN INTERESTING PICTURE!



# PLASTIC MAN

MY IMAGINATION MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME, BUT I CAN SWEAR I SAW THAT FAT LITTLE GUY TALKING TO THE POTTED PALM!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON... NOW THERE'S SOMETHING WORTH PRESERVING FOR POSTERITY!



HEY, LOOK, A FLYING SAUCER!

EASY MONEY, HERE WE COME!



OUT OF MY WAY! I WANT TO SEE IT!

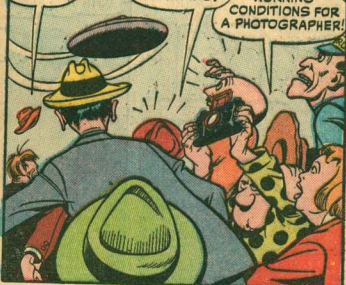
STOP SHOVING, BUD! I WANT TO SEE IT TOO!



IT MUST BE AN ADVERTISING STUNT!

BUT THEY'RE NOT ADVERTISING ANYTHING!

THESE ARE NOT IDEAL WORKING CONDITIONS FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER!

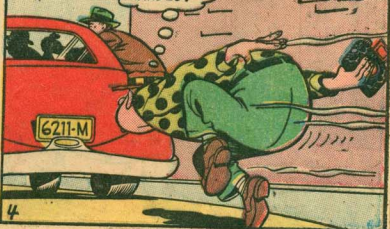


THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO THIS PSYCHOLOGY BUSINESS!

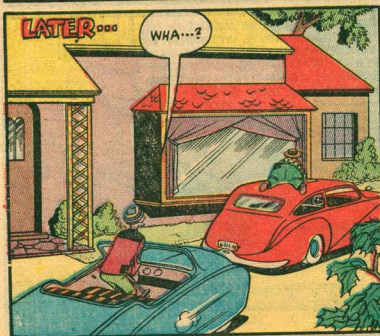
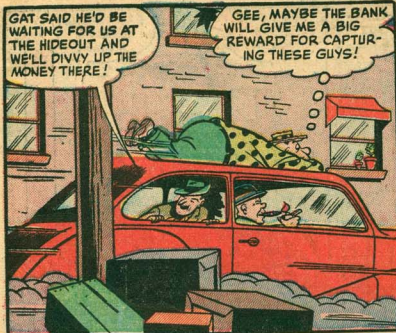
YEAH, THEY WERE SO BUSY GAWKING AT OUR FAKE FLYING SAUCER, THEY DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO US!



I RECOGNIZE THOSE MEN! I TOOK THEIR PICTURE WHEN THEY WERE WORKING ON THAT AIR-PLANE! NOW THEY'VE ROBBED THE BANK! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THEM AND CAPTURE THEM SINGLE-HANDED!





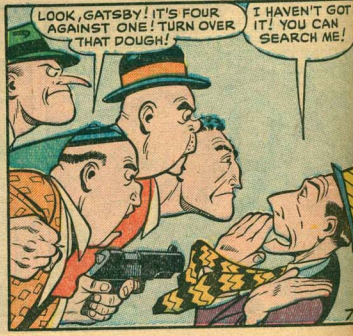


# PLASTIC MAN

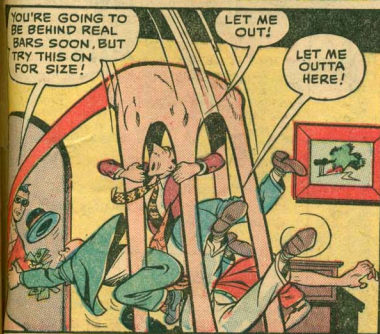




# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN







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Built with No. 8 1/2 ERECTOR, \$19.95. Denver and West, \$20.95.

BOY! THE MERRY-GO-ROUND WHIRLS 'ROUND AND 'ROUND—THE HORSES GO UP AND DOWN!

Built with No. 10 1/2 ERECTOR, \$29.50. Denver and West, \$31.00.

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## World's Greatest Construction Toy

Think of the fun you can have building and running these Erector Amusement Park models! With your own hands you fit gleaming girders and other parts together—see them grow into gigantic engineering marvels. Then you hook up the powerful Erector electric engine and make them swing into action with glorious realism. You can build hundreds of spectacular models with one Erector set. Only with Erector can you build models that buzz with action—blaze with electric lights—whistle—puff smoke—give off "choo-choo" sounds—operate by remote control. Tell Dad you want a genuine Erector set. Prices start at \$1.75. Denver and west, \$1.85.

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As part of my Communications Course you build this low power broadcasting transmitter, learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many tests.

**YOU BUILD** this Tester with parts I send early in my Servicing Course. Helps you fix neighbors' Radios and EARN EXTRA MONEY in spare time.

**YOU BUILD** Vacuum Tube Power Pack as part of my Communications Course; get experience with packs of many kinds. Learn how to correct Power Pack troubles.

**YOU BUILD** this A. M. Signal Generator as part of my Servicing Course. It provides amplitude - modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



## I TRAINED THESE MEN

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"When halfway thru the N.R.I. course, I made \$5 to \$8 a week fixing sets in my spare time. Am now selling and installing Television sets and antennas."—E. J. STREITENBERGER, New Boston, Ohio.

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As part of my Servicing Course, I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need to build this modern, powerful Radio Receiver! I also send parts to build other Radio circuits, see below. You use for practical experience and to earn EXTRA money in spare time.

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### Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing in Spare Time with KITS OF RADIO PARTS I Send



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute

Do you want good pay, a job with a bright future and security? Would you like to have a profitable shop or store of your own? If so, find out how you can realize your ambition in the fast growing, prosperous RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Even without Television, the industry is bigger than ever before. 81 million home and auto Radios, 2,700 Broadcasting Stations, expanding use of Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-wave Relay, Two-way Radio for buses, taxis, etc., are making opportunities for Servicing and Communications Technicians and FCC-Licensed Operators.

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In 1949, almost 3,000,000 TV sets sold. By 1954, 20,000,000 TV sets estimated. 100 TV Stations now operating. Authorities predict 1,000 TV Stations. This means more jobs, good pay for qualified men all over the United States and Canada.

### Many Soon Make \$10 Extra a Week in Spare Time

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TUNE-UP CHART

Year	Model	Spark Plug	Spark Plug Gap	Oil	Oil Change
1935	1935	1935	1935	1935	1935
1936	1936	1936	1936	1936	1936
1937	1937	1937	1937	1937	1937
1938	1938	1938	1938	1938	1938
1939	1939	1939	1939	1939	1939
1940	1940	1940	1940	1940	1940
1941	1941	1941	1941	1941	1941
1942	1942	1942	1942	1942	1942
1943	1943	1943	1943	1943	1943
1944	1944	1944	1944	1944	1944
1945	1945	1945	1945	1945	1945
1946	1946	1946	1946	1946	1946
1947	1947	1947	1947	1947	1947
1948	1948	1948	1948	1948	1948
1949	1949	1949	1949	1949	1949
1950	1950	1950	1950	1950	1950

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